

**Paulsboro High School  
Honors and Advanced Placement English  
Acknowledgement of  
Summer Reading Requirements**

I have received a copy of the Honors/AP English Summer Reading Requirements. I fully understand that the summer reading work is due the first week of school. I also fully understand that if the work is not submitted I will receive a grade of "zero" and will not be given the opportunity to make this work up, thus significantly impacting my first marking period grade. I agree to these terms and accept admission into this class.

Student Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Student Name (please print): \_\_\_\_\_

## **Honors English II**

### **Ms. Toole**

### **Honors Expectations**

Honors level courses are more rigorous than regular courses, classes may require additional reading, research, essays, and projects. The curriculum will be covered at a faster pace and in greater depth while incorporating more complex analysis and additional sources.

**Students in Honors courses are expected to have the following characteristics:**

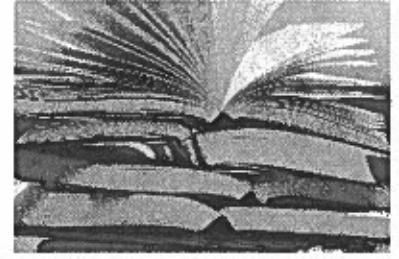
- High academic achievement and intellectual ability.
- Self-motivation and self-discipline.
- Good organizational skills.
- Excellent written and spoken expressions.
- An avid interest in reading different types of text.
- An ability to work independently and collaboratively.
- Remain on task in class with little to no disruption.
- Good attendance.

### **HONORS EXPECTATIONS**

- Maintain A/B grades.
- Remain in the course for the duration of the year.
- Maintain high standards of academic integrity.
- Be in class every day.
- The student commits to completing summer work.

1. As an honors student, you should commit to working hard all year. Any violation regarding plagiarism, cheating, submitting work he or she did not complete, etc. may result in a zero or being dropped from the honors course without honors credit.
2. Student success is the ultimate goal, but students not succeeding in an honors class will be handled on an individual basis. Students who finish the first marking period with a grade lower than a C will be reviewed on a case-to-case basis and could potentially be unenrolled in the course and placed in a college prep level class.
3. Students who receive a C may not be invited to join the next honors course at the teacher's discretion.
4. Students who have excessive tardies, absences, or discipline may result in being dropped from the honors course and placed in the college prep level of the course.

Dear Honors English Student:



Welcome to the Honors English 10 class at Paulsboro High School. This is an excellent opportunity to challenge yourself intellectually. This class will require more reading, writing, and critical thinking than the traditional or college prep English class. ***Therefore, it is vital that you keep track of your assignments and organize your time wisely throughout the school year. Your success in this class will better prepare you for the rigors of college and for the demands of the workplace.***

Contained herein you will find your summer reading requirements. The summer reading program is an important feature of the honors class, and your commitment to this reading will largely set the tone for the year. ***All work is due the first week of school!***

Again, congratulations on your academic accomplishments. We hope you have a challenging and successful freshman year at Paulsboro High School.

~ The Paulsboro High School English Department



Paulsboro Middle / High School  
English Department  
Summer Reading 2021  
Assignment Grades 8 & 10  
(Honors levels)

## Beautiful Words Summer Reading Assignment

*Adapted from pennykittle.net*

### Overview of Assignment:

As you read your chosen summer reading book, first and foremost, enjoy this time to read for pleasure, relaxation, and opportunity. While you are only asked to select one book, you are encouraged to read more!

During your reading, gather a collection of sentences, lines, and/or short excerpts that show the power of beautiful writing. Beautiful doesn't necessarily mean positive (as many of you are thinking).

***Beautiful is anything meaningful or powerful. Anything that resonates with you. Phrases that make you think deeply or reveal hidden layers of the conflict or characters.***

You are not looking for the typical definition of "beauty" or "beautiful."

You are collecting beautiful, powerful, **meaningful writing**...line by line.

**For Example:** The character in your book could be struggling with a conflict that is internal, external, or both. Throughout the book, look for how the author is describing thoughts, images, reactions, etc. that make you take pause and think deeply. These are words that resonate and create **BEAUTY**.

***This is the power of beautiful writing.***

**Additional Examples:** if your book is about a school shooting, you can find the power in those lines...describing the fear; if your book is about war, you can find the power in those lines...describing the intensity of the situation.

The point is...author's weave words that create beauty, no matter what they are writing about. Once you have collected beautiful words, phrases, and excerpts, you are ready to complete the activity.

**The assignment will be due the first week of school. It will count as an Assessment grade. You will have the opportunity to conference with your English teacher prior to turning in your work.**

**Summer Reading Assignment Directions:**

1. Read and collect a minimum of 10 lines that represent **beautiful words**. As a suggestion, start your collection from the very moment you begin the book. Keep a journal or stack of post-it notes close by.
2. Create a one-page handwritten visual representation **OR** a PowerPoint slideshow.
3. Review the scoring criteria before turning in your assignment. Should you have questions, please confer with your English teacher during the first week of school prior to turning in your work.

**Option 1 – Handwritten Visual Representation Guidelines:**

- Title and author
- Quote 10 lines from your book that demonstrate beautiful writing.
- Briefly explain one central theme of the book
- Briefly reflect on how you feel about that theme.
- Include a hand drawn image or artistic design that represents some aspect of the book.
- Note: All parts MUST be HANDWRITTEN.

**Option 1 Scoring Criteria:**

<b>Full Credit</b>	<b>Partial Credit</b>	<b>No Credit</b>
Title and Author	Title and Author	Assignment was not turned in and/or completed.
10 lines of beautiful writing	<b>Less than</b> 10 lines of beautiful writing	
Brief explanation of one theme or central idea	Explanation of one theme or central idea <b>missing or incomplete</b>	
Brief reflection of personal thoughts and feelings regarding the theme	<b>Missing or incomplete</b> brief reflection of personal thoughts and feelings regarding the theme	
Hand-drawn image or graphic design that represents the book	Hand-drawn image/graphic design <b>missing</b>	
Few, if any, grammar or mechanics errors	<b>Several</b> grammar or mechanics errors	

*See sample student projects below.*

**Option 2 – PowerPoint Slideshow Guidelines:**

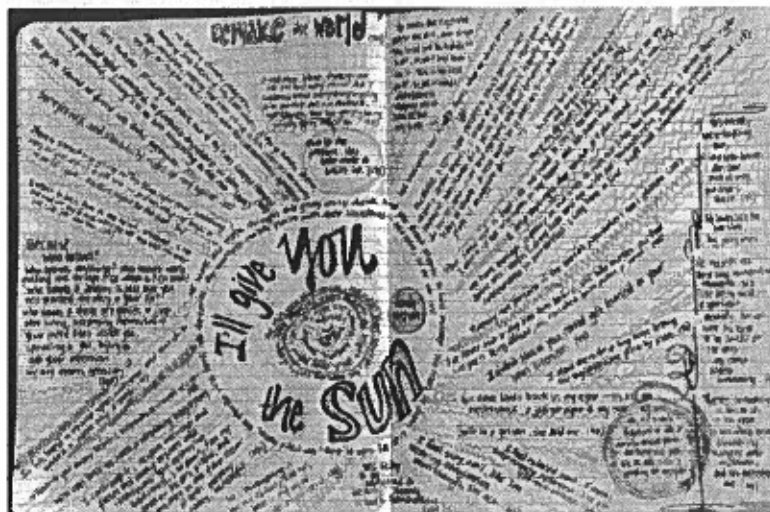
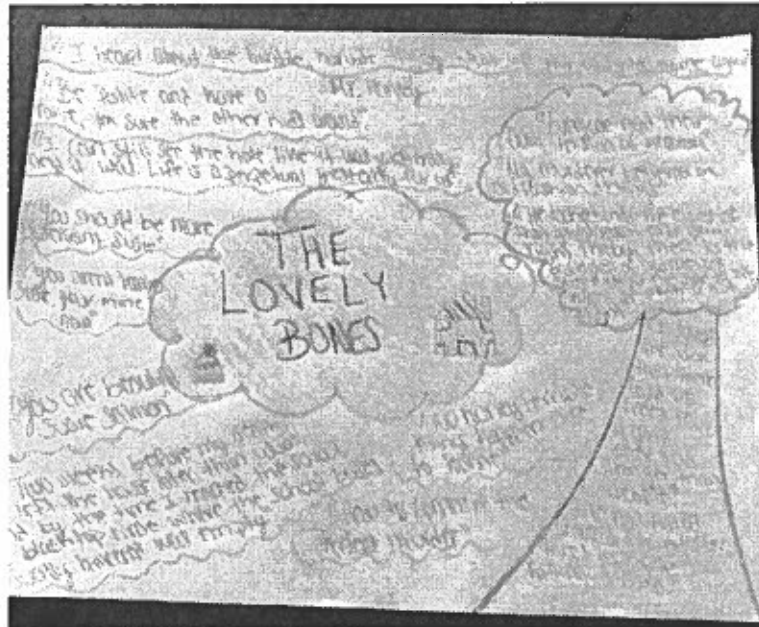
<b>Slide #</b>	<b>What to Include on Each Slide</b>
1	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Book Title</li> <li>• Author</li> <li>• Your Name</li> <li>• Your English Teacher’s Name</li> <li>• Your Grade Level</li> </ul>
2	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Write 2-3 sentences to explain one of the themes or central ideas found in your summer reading book. <i>(Remember, theme is the overall message the author is trying to convey to the reader. It is a big picture takeaway about life and the world around you.)</i></li> </ul>
3	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Write 2-3 sentences to explain your personal thoughts and feelings about the theme or central idea.</li> </ul>
4	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Copy and paste 3-5 images that represents the theme you explained on Slide #2.</li> </ul>
5	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Write 2 of your quotes (beautiful words) on this slide. <i>(Don’t forget to include quotation marks.)</i></li> </ul>
6	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Write 2 of your quotes (beautiful words) on this slide. <i>(Don’t forget to include quotation marks.)</i></li> </ul>
7	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Write 2 of your quotes (beautiful words) on this slide. <i>(Don’t forget to include quotation marks.)</i></li> </ul>
8	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Write 2 of your quotes (beautiful words) on this slide. <i>(Don’t forget to include quotation marks.)</i></li> </ul>
9	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Write 2 of your quotes (beautiful words) on this slide. <i>(Don’t forget to include quotation marks.)</i></li> </ul>
10	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Write 2-3 sentences to explain your thoughts about the book, if you would recommend it to a friend, and why.</li> </ul>

**Option 2 PowerPoint Slideshow Scoring Criteria:**

<b>Full Credit</b>	<b>Partial Credit</b>	<b>No Credit</b>
Title, Author, Your Name, Your Teacher’s Name, Your Grade Level	Title, Author, Your Name, Your Grade Level	Assignment was not turned in and/or completed.
10 lines of beautiful writing	<i>Less than</i> 10 lines of beautiful writing	
Brief explanation of one theme or central idea	Explanation of one theme or central idea <i>missing or incomplete</i>	
Brief explanation of personal thoughts or feelings about the theme or central idea	<i>Incomplete or missing</i> brief explanation of personal thoughts or feelings about the theme or central idea	

3-5 images that represents the theme/central idea	<i>Less than 3</i> images or images not included	
2-3 Sentences to explain your thoughts about the book and recommendation	<i>Incomplete or missing</i> explanation of thoughts and recommendation	
Few, if any, grammar or mechanics errors	<i>Several</i> grammar or mechanics errors	

### Option 1 Sample Student Projects



### Option 2 PowerPoint Slideshow Sample Template

Feel free to create your own slideshow template as you follow the assignment guidelines and scoring criteria.





**Tenth Grade Honors 2022 Summer Reading Choices**  
**You need to CHOOSE ONE Novel to Read**

**Classics:**

**Ray Bradbury- *Fahrenheit 451***

*Guy Montag is a fireman. His job is to destroy the most illegal of commodities, the printed book, along with the houses in which they are hidden. Montag never questions the destruction and ruin his actions produce, returning each day to his bland life and wife, Mildred, who spends all day with her television "family." But when he meets an eccentric young neighbor, Clarisse, who introduces him to a past where people didn't live in fear and to a present where one sees the world through the ideas in books instead of the mindless chatter of television, Montag begins to question everything he has ever known.*

**Louisa May Alcott - *Little Women***

*Little Women is a novel by American author Louisa May Alcott (1832–1888), which was originally published in two volumes in 1868 and 1869. Alcott wrote the books rapidly over several months at the request of her publisher. The novel follows the lives of four sisters—Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy March—detailing their passage from childhood to womanhood, and is loosely based on the author and her three sisters. Little Women was an immediate commercial and critical success, and readers demanded to know more about the characters. Alcott quickly completed a second volume, entitled Good Wives. It was also successful. The two volumes were issued in 1880 in a single work entitled Little Women. Alcott also wrote two sequels to her popular work, both of which also featured the March sisters: Little Men (1871) and Jo's Boys (1886). Although Little Women was a novel for girls, it differed notably from the current writings for children, especially girls. The novel addressed three major themes: "domesticity, work, and true love, all of them interdependent and each necessary to the achievement of its heroine's individual identity." Little Women "has been read as a romance or as a quest, or both. It has been read as a family drama that validates virtue over wealth", but also "as a means of escaping that life by women who knew its gender constraints only too well".*

**Toni Morrison - *Beloved***

*Sethe, its protagonist, was born a slave and escaped to Ohio, but eighteen years later she is still not free. She has too many memories of Sweet Home, the beautiful farm where so many hideous things happened. And Sethe's new home is haunted by the ghost of her baby, who died nameless and whose tombstone is engraved with a single word: Beloved. Filled with bitter poetry and suspense as taut as a rope, Beloved is a towering achievement.*

**George Orwell- *Animal Farm***

*"All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others."*  
*A farm is taken over by its overworked, mistreated animals. With flaming idealism and stirring slogans, they set out to create a paradise of progress, justice, and equality. Thus the stage is set for one of the most telling satiric fables ever penned—a razor-edged fairy tale for grown-ups that records the evolution from revolution against tyranny to a totalitarianism just as terrible.*  
*When Animal Farm was first published, Stalinist Russia was seen as its target. Today it is devastatingly clear that wherever and whenever freedom is attacked, under whatever banner, the cutting clarity and savage comedy of George Orwell's masterpiece have a meaning and message still ferociously fresh.*

## **Contemporary:**

### **Laurie Halse Anderson - *Speak***

*Freshman year at Merryweather High is not going well for Melinda Sordino. She busted an end-of-summer party by calling the cops, and now her friends—and even strangers—all hate her. So she stops trying, stops talking. She retreats into her head, and all the lies and hypocrisies of high school become magnified, leaving her with no desire to talk to anyone anyway. But it's not so comfortable in her head, either—there's something banging around in there that she doesn't want to think about. She can't just go on like this forever. Eventually, she's going to have to confront the thing she's avoiding, the thing that happened at the party, the thing that nobody but her knows. She's going to have to speak the truth.*

### **Amy Tan- *The Joy Luck Club***

*Four mothers, four daughters, four families whose histories shift with the four winds depending on who's "saying" the stories. In 1949 four Chinese women, recent immigrants to San Francisco, begin meeting to eat dim sum, play mahjong, and talk. United in shared unspeakable loss and hope, they call themselves the Joy Luck Club. Rather than sink into tragedy, they choose to gather to raise their spirits and money. "To despair was to wish back for something already lost. Or to prolong what was already unbearable." Forty years later the stories and history continue.*

*With wit and sensitivity, Amy Tan examines the sometimes painful, often tender, and always deep connection between mothers and daughters. As each woman reveals her secrets, trying to unravel the truth about her life, the strings become more tangled, more entwined. Mothers boast or despair over daughters, and daughters roll their eyes even as they feel the inextricable tightening of their matriarchal ties. Tan is an astute storyteller, enticing readers to immerse themselves into these lives of complexity and mystery.*

### **Alice Walker - *The Color Purple***

*Celie is a poor black woman whose letters tell the story of 20 years of her life, beginning at age 14 when she is being abused and raped by her father and attempting to protect her sister from the same fate, and continuing over the course of her marriage to "Mister," a brutal man who terrorizes her. Celie eventually learns that her abusive husband has been keeping her sister's letters from her and the rage she feels, combined with an example of love and independence provided by her close friend Shug, pushes her finally toward an awakening of her creative and loving self. The novel has been the frequent target of censors and appears on the American Library Association list of the 100 Most Frequently Challenged Books of 2000–2009 at number seventeen because of the sometimes explicit content, particularly in terms of violence. In 2003, the book was listed on the BBC's The Big Read poll of the UK's "best-loved novels."*

### **Herman Hesse – *Siddhartha***

*It is the story of the quest of Siddhartha, a wealthy Indian Brahmin who casts off a life of privilege and comfort to seek spiritual fulfillment and wisdom. On his journey, Siddhartha encounters wandering ascetics, Buddhist monks, and successful merchants, as well as a courtesan named Kamala and a simple ferryman who has attained enlightenment. Traveling among these people and experiencing life's vital passages—love, work, friendship, and fatherhood—Siddhartha discovers that true knowledge is guided from within.*

# Summer Assignment 2023

Honors English 10

Ms. Toole

# The Scarlet Letter

by Nathaniel Hawthorne



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Your summer assignment is due **Friday, September 8th.**

**Part One: Symbolism**

In addition to Hester's scarlet A, Hawthorne uses myriad symbols throughout the story. Identify the literal meaning and then the symbolic meaning of each reference.

<b>In the story...</b>	<b>Literal Meaning</b>	<b>Symbolic Meaning</b>
<b>Scarlet Letter</b>		
<b>Light</b>		
<b>Darkness</b>		
<b>The Town</b>		
<b>The Forest</b>		
<b>The brook</b>		
<b>The rosebush</b>		
<b>The scaffold</b>		
<b>The sea</b>		
<b>Clothing</b>		
<b>Pearl</b>		
<b>The prison door</b>		

**Part Two: Short Answer**

*Directions: Choose TWO of the following questions. Answer each in a well-developed TYPED response of at least 200 words using examples from the novel.*

1. Some critics say that Hester Prynne was the first American heroine. Others, however, say that her somewhat silent suffering isn't truly heroic. What qualities and actions make a character heroic? Are there any heroes or heroic actions in *The Scarlet Letter*? Defend your answer.
2. If Hester Prynne is the protagonist of *The Scarlet Letter*, who is the antagonist? Arguments can be made not only for Roger Chillingworth and Governor Bellingham, but also perhaps for Arthur Dimmesdale - and even for the Puritan society as a whole. Which of these characters, if any, do you believe serves as the villain in the novel? Why? What qualities and actions make a character villainous? If you believe there are no villains in the story, why do you feel that is the case?
3. Does the character of Pearl seem realistic? Some readers of *The Scarlet Letter* think she seems much older than her age - far too mature for a young girl. Can you think of any reasons why Pearl should seem so unlike a child at times? Are children her age today ever "forced to grow up early" like that? Why? Pearl is also a very angry child-angry with her mother in particular. Does this seem like a realistic trait as well? Why or why not?
4. What are some ways in which Hawthorne uses irony in the novel?
5. Which is Hester Prynne's most admirable quality? Which is her least admirable? Explain your answer.
6. Describe Chillingworth's "revenge". Why does he choose to torture Dimmesdale and Hester when he could simply reveal that he is Hester's husband? What does this imply about justice? About evil?

**Part Three: Your Creative Side**

*Directions: use your creativity as you complete ONE of the below assignments.*

**(1) The Artistic A**

Obviously, the scarlet letter is the most important symbol in the novel. Not only did it stand for Hester's sin, but her artistic ability was also represented in her elaborate embroidery. Using any medium, create an A that Hester would appreciate. You'll be evaluated on creativity!

**(2) The ABC's of the Scarlet Letter**

After reading the entire novel, create a chronological summary of the story. Write the alphabet down a sheet of paper. For each letter, an element, event, character should be described in the order that the story is told. For example:

"A is for the letter Hester wears to show her sin."

Present your ABCs in a creative way - typed embellished with drawings, photos, etc. - however you want - but keep it to one sheet of paper.



### Part Three:

## The Scarlet Letter Summer Reading Assignment: Essay and Analysis

**Part One Directions:** Choose **ONE** of the three essay prompts listed below. Type an essay in response to the question. *Be sure to have a complete introduction, a minimum of two body paragraphs, and a conclusion.* Be sure to use a minimum of two directly quoted MLA citations. Also make sure that you place the author's last name and page number in parentheses after the quotes you take from the novel that support your essay response. Be prepared to turn your essay in to Google Classroom and to have a hard copy in case it is needed. *Be prepared to also be tested over the novel.*

**Question 1:** The structure of many novels and plays is shaped by the recurrence of certain key events. Write a well-organized essay in which you describe the major similarities and differences in a sequence of recurring events in *The Scarlet Letter* and analyze how this recurrence determines the structure of the story. Do not merely summarize the plot.

**Question 2:** The themes of many novels depend upon a single image, metaphor, or symbol whose meaning and significance evolve as the story progresses. In a well-written essay, trace the evolution of Hester Prynne's scarlet letter as it is viewed throughout the book by Hester, the villagers, Pearl, and by the author himself.

**Question 3:** Rather than establish a single, definitive theme, many authors end their novels on a note of ambiguity, inviting readers to examine the various sides of a complex issue. Write a well-organized essay in which you analyze the ambiguous ending of *The Scarlet Letter* and explain the possible reasons for Hawthorne's ending the book in this way. Do not merely show that the ending is ambiguous or assert a theme for the book.

**Part Two Directions:** Read the short story "The Minister's Black Veil." After reading the story, write a complete paragraph (minimum 10 sentences and 1 directly quoted MLA citation) responding to the following question:

Compare and contrast "The Minister's Black Veil" and *The Scarlet Letter*. What are the differences? What characters are found in both stories? What might this say about Hawthorne's overall perspective of men, women, and the church? Interact with both works and provide specific examples.

## Nathaniel Hawthorne: The Minister's Black Veil (1836)

### A Parable

THE SEXTON stood in the porch of Milford meeting-house, pulling busily at the bell-rope. The old people of the village came stooping along the street. Children, with bright faces, tripped merrily beside their parents, or mimicked a graver gait, in the conscious dignity of their Sunday clothes. Spruce bachelors looked sidelong at the pretty maidens, and fancied that the Sabbath sunshine made them prettier than on week days. When the throng had mostly streamed into the porch, the sexton began to toll the bell, keeping his eye on the Reverend Mr. Hooper's door. The first glimpse of the clergyman's figure was the signal for the bell to cease its summons.

"But what has good Parson Hooper got upon his face?" cried the sexton in astonishment.

All within hearing immediately turned about, and beheld the semblance of Mr. Hooper, pacing slowly his meditative way towards the meeting-house. With one accord they started, expressing more wonder than if some strange minister were coming to dust the cushions of Mr. Hooper's pulpit.

"Are you sure it is our parson?" inquired Goodman Gray of the sexton.

"Of a certainty it is good Mr. Hooper," replied the sexton. "He was to have exchanged pulpits with Parson Shute, of Westbury; but Parson Shute sent to excuse himself yesterday, being to preach a funeral sermon."

The cause of so much amazement may appear sufficiently slight. Mr. Hooper, a gentlemanly person, of about thirty, though still a bachelor, was dressed with due clerical neatness, as if a careful wife had starched his band, and brushed the weekly dust from his Sunday's garb. There was but one thing remarkable in his appearance. Swathed

about his forehead, and hanging down over his face, so low as to be shaken by his breath, Mr. Hooper had on a black veil. On a nearer view it seemed to consist of two folds of crape, which entirely concealed his features, except the mouth and chin, but probably did not intercept his sight, further than to give a darkened aspect to all living and inanimate things. With this gloomy shade before him, good Mr. Hooper walked onward, at a slow and quiet pace, stooping somewhat, and looking on the ground, as is customary with abstracted men, yet nodding kindly to those of his parishioners who still waited on the meeting-house steps. But so wonder-struck were they that his greeting hardly met with a return.

"I can't really feel as if good Mr. Hooper's face was behind that piece of crape," said the sexton.

"I don't like it," muttered an old woman, as she hobbled into the meeting-house. "He has changed himself into something awful, only by hiding his face."

"Our parson has gone mad!" cried Goodman Gray, following him across the threshold.

A rumor of some unaccountable phenomenon had preceded Mr. Hooper into the meeting-house, and set all the congregation astir. Few could refrain from twisting their heads towards the door; many stood upright, and turned directly about; while several little boys clambered upon the seats, and came down again with a terrible racket. There was a general bustle, a rustling of the women's gowns and shuffling of the men's feet, greatly at variance with that hushed repose which should attend the entrance of the minister. But Mr. Hooper appeared not to notice the perturbation of his people. He entered with an almost noiseless step, bent his head mildly to the pews on each side, and bowed as he passed his oldest parishioner, a white-haired great-grandson, who occupied an arm-chair in the centre of the aisle. It was strange to observe how slowly this venerable man became conscious of something singular in the appearance of his pastor. He seemed not fully to partake of the prevailing wonder, till Mr. Hooper had ascended the stairs, and showed himself in the pulpit, face to face with his congregation, except for the black veil. That mysterious emblem was never once withdrawn. It shook with his measured breath, as he gave out the psalm; it threw its obscurity between him and the holy

page, as he read the Scriptures; and while he prayed, the veil lay heavily on his uplifted countenance. Did he seek to hide it from the dread Being whom he was addressing?

Such was the effect of this simple piece of crape, that more than one woman of delicate nerves was forced to leave the meeting-house. Yet perhaps the pale-faced congregation was almost as fearful a sight to the minister, as his black veil to them.

Mr. Hooper had the reputation of a good preacher, but not an energetic one: he strove to win his people heavenward by mild, persuasive influences, rather than to drive them thither by the thunders of the Word. The sermon which he now delivered was marked by the same characteristics of style and manner as the general series of his pulpit oratory. But there was something, either in the sentiment of the discourse itself, or in the imagination of the auditors, which made it greatly the most powerful effort that they had ever heard from their pastor's lips. It was tinged, rather more darkly than usual, with the gentle gloom of Mr. Hooper's temperament. The subject had reference to secret sin, and those sad mysteries which we hide from our nearest and dearest, and would fain conceal from our own consciousness, even forgetting that the Omniscient can detect them. A subtle power was breathed into his words. Each member of the congregation, the most innocent girl, and the man of hardened breast, felt as if the preacher had crept upon them, behind his awful veil, and discovered their hoarded iniquity of deed or thought. Many spread their clasped hands on their bosoms. There was nothing terrible in what Mr. Hooper said, at least, no violence; and yet, with every tremor of his melancholy voice, the hearers quaked. An unsought pathos came hand in hand with awe. So sensible were the audience of some unwonted attribute in their minister, that they longed for a breath of wind to blow aside the veil, almost believing that a stranger's visage would be discovered, though the form, gesture, and voice were those of Mr. Hooper.

At the close of the services, the people hurried out with indecorous confusion, eager to communicate their pent-up amazement, and conscious of lighter spirits the moment they lost sight of the black veil. Some gathered in little circles, huddled closely together, with their mouths all whispering in the centre; some went homeward alone,

wrapt in silent meditation; some talked loudly, and profaned the Sabbath day with ostentatious laughter. A few shook their sagacious heads, intimating that they could penetrate the mystery; while one or two affirmed that there was no mystery at all, but only that Mr. Hooper's eyes were so weakened by the midnight lamp, as to require a shade. After a brief interval, forth came good Mr. Hooper also, in the rear of his flock. Turning his veiled face from one group to another, he paid due reverence to the hoary heads, saluted the middle aged with kind dignity as their friend and spiritual guide, greeted the young with mingled authority and love, and laid his hands on the little children's heads to bless them. Such was always his custom on the Sabbath day. Strange and bewildered looks repaid him for his courtesy. None, as on former occasions, aspired to the honor of walking by their pastor's side. Old Squire Saunders, doubtless by an accidental lapse of memory, neglected to invite Mr. Hooper to his table, where the good clergyman had been wont to bless the food, almost every Sunday since his settlement. He returned, therefore, to the parsonage, and, at the moment of closing the door, was observed to look back upon the people, all of whom had their eyes fixed upon the minister. A sad smile gleamed faintly from beneath the black veil, and flickered about his mouth, glimmering as he disappeared.

"How strange," said a lady, "that a simple black veil, such as any woman might wear on her bonnet, should become such a terrible thing on Mr. Hooper's face!"

"Something must surely be amiss with Mr. Hooper's intellects," observed her husband, the physician of the village. "But the strangest part of the affair is the effect of this vagary, even on a sober-minded man like myself. The black veil, though it covers only our pastor's face, throws its influence over his whole person, and makes him ghostlike from head to foot. Do you not feel it so?"

"Truly do I," replied the lady, "and I would not be alone with him for the world. I wonder he is not afraid to be alone with himself!"

"Men sometimes are so," said her husband.

The afternoon service was attended with similar circumstances. At its conclusion, the bell tolled for the funeral of a young lady. The relatives and friends were assembled in the house, and the more distant



acquaintances stood about the door, speaking of the good qualities of the deceased, when their talk was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Hooper, still covered with his black veil. It was now an appropriate emblem. The clergyman stepped into the room where the corpse was laid, and bent over the coffin, to take a last farewell of his deceased parishioner. As he stooped, the veil hung straight down from his forehead, so that, if her eyelids had not been closed forever, the dead maiden might have seen his face. Could Mr. Hooper be fearful of her glance, that he so hastily caught back the black veil? A person who watched the interview between the dead and living, scrupled not to affirm, that, at the instant when the clergyman's features were disclosed, the corpse had slightly shuddered, rustling the shroud and muslin cap, though the countenance retained the composure of death. A superstitious old woman was the only witness of this prodigy. From the coffin Mr. Hooper passed into the chamber of the mourners, and thence to the head of the staircase, to make the funeral prayer. It was a tender and heart-dissolving prayer, full of sorrow, yet so imbued with celestial hopes, that the music of a heavenly harp, swept by the fingers of the dead, seemed faintly to be heard among the saddest accents of the minister. The people trembled, though they but darkly understood him when he prayed that they, and himself, and all of mortal race, might be ready, as he trusted this young maiden had been, for the dreadful hour that should snatch the veil from their faces. The bearers went heavily forth, and the mourners followed, saddening all the street, with the dead before them, and Mr. Hooper in his black veil behind.

"Why do you look back?" said one in the procession to his partner.

"I had a fancy," replied she, "that the minister and the maiden's spirit were walking hand in hand."

"And so had I, at the same moment," said the other.

That night, the handsomest couple in Milford village were to be joined in wedlock. Though reckoned a melancholy man, Mr. Hooper had a placid cheerfulness for such occasions, which often excited a sympathetic smile where livelier merriment would have been thrown away. There was no quality of his disposition which made him more beloved than this. The company at the wedding awaited his arrival with impatience, trusting that the strange awe, which had gathered

over him throughout the day, would now be dispelled. But such was not the result. When Mr. Hooper came, the first thing that their eyes rested on was the same horrible black veil, which had added deeper gloom to the funeral, and could portend nothing but evil to the wedding. Such was its immediate effect on the guests that a cloud seemed to have rolled dusklily from beneath the black crape, and dimmed the light of the candles. The bridal pair stood up before the minister. But the bride's cold fingers quivered in the tremulous hand of the bridegroom, and her deathlike paleness caused a whisper that the maiden who had been buried a few hours before was come from her grave to be married. If ever another wedding were so dismal, it was that famous one where they tolled the wedding knell. After performing the ceremony, Mr. Hooper raised a glass of wine to his lips, wishing happiness to the new-married couple in a strain of mild pleasantry that ought to have brightened the features of the guests, like a cheerful gleam from the hearth. At that instant, catching a glimpse of his figure in the looking-glass, the black veil involved his own spirit in the horror with which it overwhelmed all others. His frame shuddered, his lips grew white, he spilt the untasted wine upon the carpet, and rushed forth into the darkness. For the Earth, too, had on her Black Veil.

The next day, the whole village of Milford talked of little else than Parson Hooper's black veil. That, and the mystery concealed behind it, supplied a topic for discussion between acquaintances meeting in the street, and good women gossiping at their open windows. It was the first item of news that the tavern-keeper told to his guests. The children babbled of it on their way to school. One imitative little imp covered his face with an old black handkerchief, thereby so affrighting his playmates that the panic seized himself, and he well-nigh lost his wits by his own waggery.

It was remarkable that of all the busybodies and impertinent people in the parish, not one ventured to put the plain question to Mr. Hooper, wherefore he did this thing. Hitherto, whenever there appeared the slightest call for such interference, he had never lacked advisers, nor shown himself adverse to be guided by their judgment. If he erred at all, it was by so painful a degree of self-distrust, that even the mildest censure would lead him to consider an indifferent action as a crime. Yet, though so well acquainted with this amiable weakness, no

individual among his parishioners chose to make the black veil a subject of friendly remonstrance. There was a feeling of dread, neither plainly confessed nor carefully concealed, which caused each to shift the responsibility upon another, till at length it was found expedient to send a deputation of the church, in order to deal with Mr. Hooper about the mystery, before it should grow into a scandal. Never did an embassy so ill discharge its duties. The minister received them with friendly courtesy, but became silent, after they were seated, leaving to his visitors the whole burden of introducing their important business. The topic, it might be supposed, was obvious enough. There was the black veil swathed round Mr. Hooper's forehead, and concealing every feature above his placid mouth, on which, at times, they could perceive the glimmering of a melancholy smile. But that piece of crape, to their imagination, seemed to hang down before his heart, the symbol of a fearful secret between him and them. Were the veil but cast aside, they might speak freely of it, but not till then. Thus they sat a considerable time, speechless, confused, and shrinking uneasily from Mr. Hooper's eye, which they felt to be fixed upon them with an invisible glance. Finally, the deputies returned abashed to their constituents, pronouncing the matter too weighty to be handled, except by a council of the churches, if, indeed, it might not require a general synod.

But there was one person in the village unappalled by the awe with which the black veil had impressed all beside herself. When the deputies returned without an explanation, or even venturing to demand one, she, with the calm energy of her character, determined to chase away the strange cloud that appeared to be settling round Mr. Hooper, every moment more darkly than before. As his plighted wife, it should be her privilege to know what the black veil concealed. At the minister's first visit, therefore, she entered upon the subject with a direct simplicity, which made the task easier both for him and her. After he had seated himself, she fixed her eyes steadfastly upon the veil, but could discern nothing of the dreadful gloom that had so overawed the multitude: it was but a double fold of crape, hanging down from his forehead to his mouth, and slightly stirring with his breath.

"No," said she aloud, and smiling, "there is nothing terrible in this piece of crape, except that it hides a face which I am always glad to

look upon. Come, good sir, let the sun shine from behind the cloud. First lay aside your black veil: then tell me why you put it on."

Mr. Hooper's smile glimmered faintly.

"There is an hour to come," said he, "when all of us shall cast aside our veils. Take it not amiss, beloved friend, if I wear this piece of crape till then."

"Your words are a mystery, too," returned the young lady. "Take away the veil from them, at least."

"Elizabeth, I will," said he, "so far as my vow may suffer me. Know, then, this veil is a type and a symbol, and I am bound to wear it ever, both in light and darkness, in solitude and before the gaze of multitudes, and as with strangers, so with my familiar friends. No mortal eye will see it withdrawn. This dismal shade must separate me from the world: even you, Elizabeth, can never come behind it!"

"What grievous affliction hath befallen you," she earnestly inquired, "that you should thus darken your eyes forever?"

"If it be a sign of mourning," replied Mr. Hooper, "I, perhaps, like most other mortals, have sorrows dark enough to be typified by a black veil."

"But what if the world will not believe that it is the type of an innocent sorrow?" urged Elizabeth. "Beloved and respected as you are, there may be whispers that you hide your face under the consciousness of secret sin. For the sake of your holy office, do away this scandal!"

The color rose into her cheeks as she intimated the nature of the rumors that were already abroad in the village. But Mr. Hooper's mildness did not forsake him. He even smiled again—that same sad smile, which always appeared like a faint glimmering of light, proceeding from the obscurity beneath the veil.

"If I hide my face for sorrow, there is cause enough," he merely replied; "and if I cover it for secret sin, what mortal might not do the same?"

And with this gentle, but unconquerable obstinacy did he resist all her entreaties. At length Elizabeth sat silent. For a few moments she appeared lost in thought, considering, probably, what new methods might be tried to withdraw her lover from so dark a fantasy, which, if

it had no other meaning, was perhaps a symptom of mental disease. Though of a firmer character than his own, the tears rolled down her cheeks. But, in an instant, as it were, a new feeling took the place of sorrow: her eyes were fixed insensibly on the black veil, when, like a sudden twilight in the air, its terrors fell around her. She arose, and stood trembling before him.

"And do you feel it then, at last?" said he mournfully.

She made no reply, but covered her eyes with her hand, and turned to leave the room. He rushed forward and caught her arm.

"Have patience with me, Elizabeth!" cried he, passionately. "Do not desert me, though this veil must be between us here on earth. Be mine, and hereafter there shall be no veil over my face, no darkness between our souls! It is but a mortal veil—it is not for eternity! O! you know not how lonely I am, and how frightened, to be alone behind my black veil. Do not leave me in this miserable obscurity forever!"

"Lift the veil but once, and look me in the face," said she.

"Never! It cannot be!" replied Mr. Hooper.

"Then farewell!" said Elizabeth.

She withdrew her arm from his grasp, and slowly departed, pausing at the door, to give one long shuddering gaze, that seemed almost to penetrate the mystery of the black veil. But, even amid his grief, Mr. Hooper smiled to think that only a material emblem had separated him from happiness, though the horrors, which it shadowed forth, must be drawn darkly between the fondest of lovers.

From that time no attempts were made to remove Mr. Hooper's black veil, or, by a direct appeal, to discover the secret which it was supposed to hide. By persons who claimed a superiority to popular prejudice, it was reckoned merely an eccentric whim, such as often mingles with the sober actions of men otherwise rational, and tinges them all with its own semblance of insanity. But with the multitude, good Mr. Hooper was irreparably a bugbear. He could not walk the street with any peace of mind, so conscious was he that the gentle and timid would turn aside to avoid him, and that others would make it a point of hardihood to throw themselves in his way. The impertinence of the latter class compelled him to give up his customary walk at sunset to the burial ground; for when he leaned pensively over the gate,

there would always be faces behind the gravestones, peeping at his black veil. A fable went the rounds that the stare of the dead people drove him thence. It grieved him, to the very depth of his kind heart, to observe how the children fled from his approach, breaking up their merriest sports, while his melancholy figure was yet afar off. Their instinctive dread caused him to feel more strongly than aught else, that a preternatural horror was interwoven with the threads of the black crape. In truth, his own antipathy to the veil was known to be so great, that he never willingly passed before a mirror, nor stooped to drink at a still fountain, lest, in its peaceful bosom, he should be affrighted by himself. This was what gave plausibility to the whispers, that Mr. Hooper's conscience tortured him for some great crime too horrible to be entirely concealed, or otherwise than so obscurely intimated. Thus, from beneath the black veil, there rolled a cloud into the sunshine, an ambiguity of sin or sorrow, which enveloped the poor minister, so that love or sympathy could never reach him. It was said that ghost and fiend consorted with him there. With self-shudderings and outward terrors, he walked continually in its shadow, groping darkly within his own soul, or gazing through a medium that saddened the whole world. Even the lawless wind, it was believed, respected his dreadful secret, and never blew aside the veil. But still good Mr. Hooper sadly smiled at the pale visages of the worldly throng as he passed by.

Among all its bad influences, the black veil had the one desirable effect, of making its wearer a very efficient clergyman. By the aid of his mysterious emblem—for there was no other apparent cause—he became a man of awful power over souls that were in agony for sin. His converts always regarded him with a dread peculiar to themselves, affirming, though but figuratively, that, before he brought them to celestial light, they had been with him behind the black veil. Its gloom, indeed, enabled him to sympathize with all dark affections. Dying sinners cried aloud for Mr. Hooper, and would not yield their breath till he appeared; though ever, as he stooped to whisper consolation, they shuddered at the veiled face so near their own. Such were the terrors of the black veil, even when Death had bared his visage! Strangers came long distances to attend service at his church, with the mere idle purpose of gazing at his figure, because it was forbidden them to

behold his face. But many were made to quake ere they departed! Once, during Governor Belcher's administration, Mr. Hooper was appointed to preach the election sermon. Covered with his black veil, he stood before the chief magistrate, the council, and the representatives, and wrought so deep an impression that the legislative measures of that year were characterized by all the gloom and piety of our earliest ancestral sway.

In this manner Mr. Hooper spent a long life, irreproachable in outward act, yet shrouded in dismal suspicions; kind and loving, though unloved, and dimly feared; a man apart from men, shunned in their health and joy, but ever summoned to their aid in mortal anguish. As years wore on, shedding their snows above his sable veil, he acquired a name throughout the New England churches, and they called him Father Hooper. Nearly all his parishioners, who were of mature age when he was settled, had been borne away by many a funeral: he had one congregation in the church, and a more crowded one in the churchyard; and having wrought so late into the evening, and done his work so well, it was now good Father Hooper's turn to rest.

Several persons were visible by the shaded candle-light, in the death chamber of the old clergyman. Natural connections he had none. But there was the decorously grave, though unmoved physician, seeking only to mitigate the last pangs of the patient whom he could not save. There were the deacons, and other eminently pious members of his church. There, also, was the Reverend Mr. Clark, of Westbury, a young and zealous divine, who had ridden in haste to pray by the bedside of the expiring minister. There was the nurse, no hired handmaiden of death, but one whose calm affection had endured thus long in secrecy, in solitude, amid the chill of age, and would not perish even at the dying hour. Who, but Elizabeth! And there lay the hoary head of good Father Hooper upon the death pillow, with the black veil still swathed about his brow, and reaching down over his face, so that each more difficult gasp of his faint breath caused it to stir. All through life that piece of crape had hung between him and the world: it had separated him from cheerful brotherhood and woman's love, and kept him in that saddest of all prisons, his own heart; and still it lay upon his face, as if to deepen the gloom of his darksome chamber, and shade him from the sunshine of eternity.

For some time previous, his mind had been confused, wavering doubtfully between the past and the present, and hovering forward, as it were, at intervals, into the indistinctness of the world to come. There had been feverish turns, which tossed him from side to side, and wore away what little strength he had. But in his most convulsive struggles, and in the wildest vagaries of his intellect, when no other thought retained its sober influence, he still showed an awful solicitude lest the black veil should slip aside. Even if his bewildered soul could have forgotten, there was a faithful woman at his pillow, who, with averted eyes, would have covered that aged face, which she had last beheld in the comeliness of manhood. At length the death-stricken old man lay quietly in the torpor of mental and bodily exhaustion, with an imperceptible pulse, and breath that grew fainter and fainter, except when a long, deep, and irregular inspiration seemed to prelude the flight of his spirit.

The minister of Westbury approached the bedside.

"Venerable Father Hooper," said he, "the moment of your release is at hand. Are you ready for the lifting of the veil that shuts in time from eternity?"

Father Hooper at first replied merely by a feeble motion of his head; then, apprehensive, perhaps, that his meaning might be doubtful, he exerted himself to speak.

"Yea," said he, in faint accents, "my soul hath a patient weariness until that veil be lifted."

"And is it fitting," resumed the Reverend Mr. Clark, "that a man so given to prayer, of such a blameless example, holy in deed and thought, so far as mortal judgment may pronounce; is it fitting that a father in the church should leave a shadow on his memory, that may seem to blacken a life so pure? I pray you, my venerable brother, let not this thing be! Suffer us to be gladdened by your triumphant aspect as you go to your reward. Before the veil of eternity be lifted, let me cast aside this black veil from your face!"

And thus speaking, the Reverend Mr. Clark bent forward to reveal the mystery of so many years. But, exerting a sudden energy, that made all the beholders stand aghast, Father Hooper snatched both his hands from beneath the bedclothes, and pressed them strongly on the

black veil, resolute to struggle, if the minister of Westbury would consent with a dying man.

"Never!" cried the veiled clergyman. "On earth, never!"

"Dark old man!" exclaimed the affrighted minister, "with what horrible crime upon your soul are you now passing to the judgment?"

Father Hooper's breath heaved; it rattled in his throat; but, with a mighty effort, grasping forward with his hands, he caught hold of life, and held it back till he should speak. He even raised himself in bed; and there he sat, shivering with the arms of death around him, while the black veil hung down, awful at that last moment, in the gathered terrors of a lifetime. And yet the faint, sad smile, so often there, now seemed to glimmer from its obscurity, and linger on Father Hooper's lips.

"Why do you tremble at me alone?" cried he, turning his veiled face round the circle of pale spectators. "Tremble also at each other! Have men avoided me, and women shown no pity, and children screamed and fled, only for my black veil? What, but the mystery which it obscurely typifies, has made this piece of crape so awful? When the friend shows his inmost heart to his friend; the lover to his best beloved; when man does not vainly shrink from the eye of his Creator, loathsomely treasuring up the secret of his sin; then deem me a monster, for the symbol beneath which I have lived, and die! I look around me, and, lo! on every visage a Black Veil!"

While his auditors shrank from one another, in mutual affright, Father Hooper fell back upon his pillow, a veiled corpse, with a faint smile lingering on the lips. Still veiled, they laid him in his coffin, and a veiled corpse they bore him to the grave. The grass of many years has sprung up and withered on that grave, the burial stone is moss-grown, and good Mr. Hooper's face is dust; but awful is still the thought that it mouldered beneath the Black Veil!

NOTE. Another clergyman in New England, Mr. Joseph Moody, of York, Maine, who died about eighty years since, made himself remarkable by the same eccentricity that is here related of the Reverend Mr. Hooper. In his case, however, the symbol had a different import. In early life he had accidentally killed a beloved friend; and from that day till the hour of his own death, he hid his face from men.